

# THE PORTAGE SENTINEL

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WHOLE NO. 407.

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BY SAMUEL D. HARRIS, JR.  
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### The Boys with Red Noses.

A PARODY ON BEN BOLT.  
Oh, don't you remember the boys Ben Bolt,  
The boys with noses so red,  
Who drank with delight wherever they met,  
And always went drunk to bed,  
In the old grave yard, in the edge of town,  
In a corner obscure and alone,  
They have gone to rest, but the boys young sprigs,  
Have dropped off one by one.

Oh, don't you remember the boys Ben Bolt,  
And the spring at the foot of the hill?  
Where oft we have lain through hot summer hours,  
And drank to our utmost fill;  
The spring is filled with mud, Ben Bolt,  
And the wild boys root round,  
And the good old jug, with whiskey so sweet,  
Lies broken and spilled on the ground.

### WOMAN'S RIGHTS;

#### Dan Ferguson's Remedy for the same.

"Rodolphus," a clever correspondent of the Ohio State Journal, who dates from Harrisburg, Pa., tells a capital story under this head, which we cannot refrain from giving our readers. He says:—

I notice that Ohio women are troubled with "rights," and I should infer that they had them pretty hard. The same disease broke out in this part of the country some time ago, and occasioned considerable uneasiness in the community. There were some constitutions which never took it, however exposed, but it was a long time before any remedy was found to cure a woman after the rights had fairly set in. They were more troublesome than mumps or measles, and generally ended in euthanasia or some chronic type of philanthropy.

There was one Dan Ferguson in these parts, who was a curiosity. He was a man of strong native sense, robust physical structure, but eccentric habits and manners. He was a wit, and excellent company for those who knew him well enough to know when to laugh, but his face was long and solemn and the muscles not very moveable. His droll things were said with such gravity that a stranger would take him to be serious, and he had an unfortunate habit of laughing when he really meant to be serious. Dan Ferguson had little taste for reading, and was not addicted to sentiment of any sort. Were it not for a remarkable fondness for playing with children, he might have been considered stiff and unsocial. Dan had a keen eye for speculation; he would not work; was in fact lazy; but an infallible instinct seemed to tell him when to buy and when to sell. If he bought hogs, pork was sure to rise; if he sold, it was a sign that prices would fall. Sagacity and good luck in speculations had made him rich. His business trips to the Atlantic cities had given him all sorts of experiences; he could tell all about the actors and actresses, understood the lions, and paid some attention to fashion. His taste in dress run to very large stripes in his vests, and watch keys, the weight of which would have been troublesome to a smaller man. He had arrived at the age of forty and matrimony never approached him. Certain qualities he possessed, which, together with his wealth, gave him a social position, but the women regarded him as a reprobate. I am afraid he was. In this state of affairs a Woman's Rights Convention happened to be held in Harrisburg.

Miss J. Felician Wallington attended. Miss J. Felician Wallington might have seen some thirty summers, and for several years had been teaching the young idea how to shoot and how to say catechisms. She was tall, full-formed, and oratorical. She dedicated herself to her "mission," and was decorously but plainly dressed. She was severe on "the tyrant, man," and determined to vindicate her sex. Her hair and eye-brows were more than white, but the eye underneath was clear and full. Miss J. Felician Wallington was chairwoman of the committee on Resolutions. She spoke. She protested. Miss J. Felician was obviously a woman who had arrived at her wickedness, had the rights dreadfully, and if left to herself much longer would become sour and philanthropic.

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"How the devil came she to have the rights?" He alluded to Miss J. Felician Wallington, and proceeded to say:

"If she hasn't got the Old Harry in her, I'm no judge of females."

This was plainly complimentary, but to what purpose directed, I did not suspect. We passed out of the hall and were walking silently down street, when in an absent mood he muttered:

"Not a false tooth, no cotton, no scrofula!—Very odd for such a woman to be troubled with a mission!"

I have since learned that after he separated from me, he called an old jockey to his side, called Bot, and put the following question:

"Bot, do you remember that colt we called Tom, that I bought of Daddy Jenkins: how he used to jump all the fences, kick in all the front boards of buggies, break stalls, bite, and run away, before I got him?"

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That evening Dan called at the house honored by Miss Felician Wallington, and sat a long time, laughing when he ought to be sober, and vice versa, until Miss J. Felician got exceedingly provoked.

The next day he called again and sat long.—Precisely how the matter was managed, it would take too long to relate. Miss J. Felician was alternately vexed, worried and flattered, until she came so near hating Dan that she could think of nothing else. No hour of the day was secure from his impudent but friendly visits. At night Miss J. Felician could see nothing in her dreams but huge watch seals, and would frequently dream herself to be uncomfortably and fearfully whirled through the air after fast horses. In her dreams she would see Dan approaching, and would run like a wild horse to avoid him, but all at once would bring up in a stately mansion, richly furnished, and would receive the congratulations of her friends as Mrs. Ferguson. There never was a poor girl so bedeviled. When she took her pen or pencil to write a scrawl, the name of Dan Ferguson was sure to slip out on the paper, which indignantly she would throw into the fire. His desire to marry her, and her determination to reject him, she never doubted. But all at once Dan cooled off, and would drive other young ladies, more particularly a blooming young widow, past the house without ever casting a glance in that direction at all. Unexplainable conduct! Miss J. Felician Wallington felt lonely without his annoyances. Had he been making her a dupe? Did he care nothing for her after all? But no visits from Dan. At length Miss J. Felician must leave Harrisburg. Her hostess partially understanding, perhaps knowing all about the case, (these married women are magicians in reading the mysteries of courtship,) invited Dan to tea, and no one else. When he came, Miss J. Felician did the best she could to meet him like a very common acquaintance, but she couldn't put it through to suit her. She was very pale; then very red; then she was nervous and trembled like a leaf, and against all propriety, shed a few tears, which she thought she concealed. But after tea she and Dan, quite against her previous remonstrances, were left together in the parlor. Some circumstances, unexpected no doubt, (confound these married women!) took the lady of the house away, and she stayed away. But when she did come back, it was obvious that Miss J. Felician had been both laughing and crying, and was upon the whole decidedly more composed and radiant in Dan's presence than ever before. As for Dan, his great red face seemed to look larger and redder, like a full moon in a smoky night. He related quite abruptly the fact that they had "struck up a bargain." Miss J. Felician again both laughed and cried.

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Miss J. Felician Wallington saw a new light beaming on her pathway. She began to look upon herself as possessing more personal attractions than she had imagined; practiced her looking-glass more and her speeches less; in short, married the rich old bachelor, DAN FERGUSON. It was a wonder and a town talk. When any of Dan's old friends joked him about the rights, his eye twinkled with a peculiar twinkle, which seemed to say: "Leave me to take care of that!"

Miss J. Felician Wallington was appointed orator to deliver an address at the next yearly convention and intended to distinguish herself. But before that time arrived she became very much interested in needle-work. A ladies' fair or something else was in contemplation, for she never tired of stitching, and cutting, and embroidering little garments, and Dan would sit and see her do it. It was curious for Dan to see what scollaps, what improbable embroidery, what unaccountable eyelet holes, and how ingenious devices were made one after another to peer out from the dreary waste of white muslin, like stars from the sky in a clear night.

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### ELSIE'S STAR ANGEL.

#### Contentment better than a Crown.

Eva sat alone in her chamber, silent and sorrowful. She heard the merry voices of her companions ringing from the gardens below; she saw the soft rays of moonlight stealing across the marble floor; sweet perfumes breathed through the open lattice, and afar off in the wood could be heard the tinkling sound of a guitar, and the wild clear voice of some midnight serenader was borne to her ears upon the evening wind. Why was the maiden sorrowful—when wealth and elegance surrounded her, and the adoration of idling parents was laid upon the shrine of her youth and beauty? Alas! Eva was not contented.

"Eva!" whispered a soft voice beside her, and a hand clasped her caressingly.

She turned away her head to hide the foolish tears which glittered upon her dark lashes, but spoke not.

The mother knelt beside the arm-chair where Eva was sitting, and drew her daughter's head down upon her shoulder.

"Eva, you are unhappy—you are neither ill nor weary; but you are discontented. My darling child! chase these evils from your heart, that they may not whisper of unhappiness and discontent. Ah! if you did but know it 'Contentment is far better than a crown,' and now, listen to me for a few moments, and I will relate a simple yet profitable story, which teaches what little things serve to make the good contented and happy."

And there, beside the vine-shadowed window, with no light save that of the silver moon, no listener save Him who heareth all, the mother taught her child.

Far away in the southern part of Germany, dwelt a poor child, called Elsie, and her old God-mother. Happiness smiled not when Elsie was born, but folded her rainbow wings silently over her rude cradle. Her God-mother was harsh and stern; and no smile of love, no soft and gentle voice, ever soothed her sorrowful childhood. Elsie's only refuge from the harsh voice and angry eye of her stern relative, was her little chamber, a little low garret room, with one window, which opened out upon a small patch of ground, and an old tree, that just shaded the window with its green leaves. Here after toiling hard all day with her God-mother, to procure a scanty meal, would Elsie repair to lie upon her straw bed, and hum little songs very softly that she had learnt from the peasant children, or to think over her sorrows and weep bitter tears. Once when her God-mother had punished her severely for some slight offence, the poor child flew to the garret room, and closing the door, threw herself upon her straw bed in an agony of tears.

It was evening, and all seemed dark in her room, when suddenly a little stream of silver light stole across the bare floor, like the smile of a good spirit dispelling the darkness. Elsie looked up through the open window, and observed, for the first time a beautiful lone star twinkling at her through the green leaves. Instantly her tears were dried, and she even laughed to see how funny it winked at her with its large bright eye. She wondered if God had not sent it there to watch and comfort her in her young sorrows; she was sure he had, and she would confide in the beautiful star. Elsie knelt down beside the window and watched the twinkling light.

"Oh, thou beautiful one!" she murmured, "wilt thou love and cherish me when all others are stern and harsh?"

And the star trembled in the velvet leaves and seemed to whisper "yes."

The child clasped her small hands and bent her head in the gleam of its charmed light, and prayed fervently; then she crept noiselessly back to her bed, to dream of happiness.

From that night Elsie seemed changed. She toiled uncomplainingly; was ever kind and gentle, patient and meek—in truth, she was much happier and contented with her lowly lot, now that she had some object to sympathize in her griefs; and even the God-mother seemed pleased with her constant attentions to all her wants.

Every night Elsie hastened to her chamber to talk to the star which gazed so kindly at her through the tree. And in the light of the little star she saw many beautiful things—spirit of fairy brightness, child-angels that danced and frolicked amid the rose of happiness; and soft gentle faces, whose tender eyes seemed to glance so kindly and pityingly upon her.

One day the old God-mother was taken ill, and died; and Elsie was left alone in the cottage, with no companion but the star. But she led an innocent secluded life, and the star-angel kept her from harm. So Elsie sat all day at the spinning wheel, singing gaily, and at night slept on her straw bed, with the star twinkling and watching her.

Now, since the stern God-mother was no longer there, the peasant children were not afraid, but came often to the cottage to visit Elsie and listen to her sweet songs. And as she grew older, she formed a little school, and studied herself, that she might instruct the poor children in reading and writing. When their tasks were all finished, she would set upon the wooden bench near the door, with her favorite little pupil, Nannette, beside her, and repeat to them again and again the story of her sorrowful childhood, and her strange and yet beautiful comforter; which tale they delighted to hear more than all the rest. But after a while, Elsie grew thin and pale, and could teach no more, but was obliged to keep her bed.

One day when all her young scholars came to visit her, she called them to her bedside and told them that they must bid her a last "good-bye," now that she was dying. The children burst into tears, and wept long and sorrowfully; and little Nannette buried her face in Elsie's long dark tresses.

"My darling little ones," whispered Elsie, very faintly, "amid all the sufferings and hardships of life—be they lowly or great—be always contented, for contentment is a jewel far more

valuable than wealth or greatness can bestow. Farewell, and remember thy Elsie."

Nannette lifted her face to kiss her pale cheek, but it was very cold. Poor Elsie was dead!

The gentle voice of the mother was hushed, and Eva spoke not, but nestled in her mother's bosom. The mother felt that she had touched a chord in her child's heart, so she disturbed not the flow of her bitter feelings.

Eva had received a profitable lesson, and she formed the good resolution never to be discontented again, when Providence had showered so many rich blessings upon her heart.

### Thomas Corwin and the Abolitionists.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, April 8, 1853.

To the Editors of the Enquirer:

In the Enquirer of this date you have the following extract, from the Southern Patriot, of the "pious sayings of the inimitable Tom." "He said they were a whining, canting, praying set of fellows, who kept regular books of debt and credit with the Almighty. They would lie and cheat all the week, and pray off their sins on Sunday. If they steal a negro, that made a very large entry to their credit, and would cover a multitude of peccadilloes and frauds. This kind of entry they were always glad to make, because it cost them nothing. When they could not steal a negro they gave something in charity for the extension of the gospel, and then commenced a system of fraud and cheating, till they thought they had balanced accounts with their God." And you add: "He has, as is understood, purchased property in Kentucky as a residence."

Whether Thos. Corwin includes me, who have contended, in my own State, for emancipation on the soil among the Abolitionists, I know not. It is the policy of the slave party and there renegades to render odious the most ultra of the opponents of slavery, and then use that odium for the overthrow of all the friends of justice and liberty. For my part, I am willing to come under his category: for, inasmuch as I would use all the opponents of slavery in the world for its overthrow, so I must not avoid the consequences of my associations. At one time the Abolitionists are held up as invidious knaves, at another as one-sided fanatics who are void of moral responsibility, and unfit to administer any Government! They cannot be both! They are neither one or the other. But I do not propose to defend them—history will do that—but to repel the calumny of the ex-Secretary. If the Abolitionists were as base as Corwin represents them, it is right they should be exposed. Although a war of personalities is always repugnant to a gentleman, yet, if he thinks they are, (even though they are not), as he says, I have no objections to the utterance.

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In the Enquirer of this date you have the following extract, from the Southern Patriot, of the "pious sayings of the inimitable Tom." "He said they were a whining, canting, praying set of fellows, who kept regular books of debt and credit with the Almighty. They would lie and cheat all the week, and pray off their sins on Sunday. If they steal a negro, that made a very large entry to their credit, and would cover a multitude of peccadilloes and frauds. This kind of entry they were always glad to make, because it cost them nothing. When they could not steal a negro they gave something in charity for the extension of the gospel, and then commenced a system of fraud and cheating, till they thought they had balanced accounts with their God." And you add: "He has, as is understood, purchased property in Kentucky as a residence."

Whether Thos. Corwin includes me, who have contended, in my own State, for emancipation on the soil among the Abolitionists, I know not. It is the policy of the slave party and there renegades to render odious the most ultra of the opponents of slavery, and then use that odium for the overthrow of all the friends of justice and liberty. For my part, I am willing to come under his category: for, inasmuch as I would use all the opponents of slavery in the world for its overthrow, so I must not avoid the consequences of my associations. At one time the Abolitionists are held up as invidious knaves, at another as one-sided fanatics who are void of moral responsibility, and unfit to administer any Government! They cannot be both! They are neither one or the other. But I do not propose to defend them—history will do that—but to repel the calumny of the ex-Secretary. If the Abolitionists were as base as Corwin represents them, it is right they should be exposed. Although a war of personalities is always repugnant to a gentleman, yet, if he thinks they are, (even though they are not), as he says, I have no objections to the utterance.

But when Thos. Corwin tells not only what is untrue, but what I know he believes to be untrue, not only self-defence, but the instincts of a generous indignation at unprovoked and ungrateful wrong compels me to hold him up to public reprobation.

When Mr. Clay was the candidate for the Presidency, in 1844, Thomas Corwin and I spoke daily for a long time through Ohio in company. That battle was fought in the North at least upon anti-slavery—"abolition"—principles, the friends of slavery perpetrating being avowedly in favor of the annexation of Texas, with a view of keeping up a balance of power in the Senate, by the acquisition of more slave States; and the friends of Jeffersonian republicanism, holding that slavery was an evil—tolerated—but to be extinguished in due time—North and South—standing for H. Clay, and against Texas annexation. I came from a slave State, embittered in my feelings, denounced that my sensibilities as a Southern man were continually susceptible. I am an habitual reader of William L. Garrison's Liberator, and Garrison never surpassed him in heartfelt hatred of slavery and slave holders.—His now slave-holding friends will gather some idea of his abated ire when they review his celebrated speech in the Senate, where he awarded me and other volunteers in Mexico his aspirations of "bloody hands and hospitable graves!" But what struck me as most remarkable in the "inimitable Tom" was his indulgence in "whining, canting and praying" in his speeches! I have been in the furor of revivals, and the wild enthusiasm of the bivouacked camp-meeting, and never did unctious Methodist parson move me to tears like the inimitable Tom!" And to such extreme did "Tom" carry his scriptural quotations that he got to be a decided bore; and I severely criticised his want of taste—and what was, to me, irreverent as the slave-christian would have me—almost blasphemy! He then defended himself upon the ground that no people were so conscientious and devout as those slave Abolitionists, whom he now denounces as consummate knaves.

If the Abolitionists "cheat" and "steal" the reproach comes with a bad grace from the chief beneficiary of the Gardiner swindle! And however guilty we may be, it adds but little to our present to be lectured by a man who now has, dishonestly, our money in his pocket!

The truth is, Thomas Corwin is nothing else but a mercenary renegade. Of humble origin and a professed Whig, there has been no time in the last twenty years that he could have been elected to office without the votes of the Abolitionists and laborers of Ohio. With considerable fluency of speech, caricature, mimicry and pantomime, added to his subterfuge of the "wagon-boy," and his professed Abolitionism, he ascended much higher in the political scale than his talents or true merits deserved. He aspired to lead the liberal party in these States by steady efforts which culminated in his notorious Mexican war speech—which sealed his career in that direction; for it outraged his opponents and disgusted the true friends of freedom in these States—proved him a mere partizan and politician, and not a statesman of enlarged and practical views who only can embody into action the aspirations and dicta of the devotees of liberty—who by their

fanaticism and martyrdom, break down old forms and barriers to progress! Like all secondary men in mental and moral development, he gave way when the peltings of the storm which he ingested against the slave party by recent personal and political contest, yet in the speeches made by Thomas Corwin, the slave-holders were so raised came on. He determined at once to return to the enemy. During the long time that the friends of freedom, under the lead of General Taylor, fought for the Jeffersonian idea and against the "platforms," Tom, who was never fit for anything but speech, spoke not! His treachery was anticipated and developed in his reward—a Cabinet appointment! His membership of an administration, which will go down infamous, as attempting to revive and enforce in this land the cast-off attributes of British tyranny, constructive-treason, has forever placed him alongside with Burr and Arnold! But what cares the Gardiner for reputation! With the satires of Horace he doubtless is familiar, and "smiles as often as he contemplates the money in his chest!"

That he should now, late in life, be compelled to leave Ohio, who nurtured him into eminence, and whose honor and interests he has ungratefully abused, is pitiable; but I beg that he will not pay my native State the poor compliment of making it his place of refuge. Slavery, she inherited in common with her sisters, but unlike Austria and France and other home aristocracies, she nobly challenges discussion, and in preferring the liberty of the press and speech, to any local or temporary institution, she shows a people of great elements of character, of progress! Like all brave people, the power they have, they exercise with mercy; and while they are justly